Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Roſ. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but wile the graſſe grows, the prouerb is ſomthing muſty, oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Gu. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying: gouern theſe ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it wil diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops, you would pluck out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound me from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'blood do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

8 while 17 I doe beseech 20 & the vmber
22 commaund 24 unwoorthy 26 hart
antepeault. backt

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They fool me to the top of my bent, I wil come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breaks out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſſe as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O heart looſe not thy nature! let not euer,
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeak dagger to her, but vſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them ſeales neuer my ſoule conſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Roſencraus, and Guyldenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs
To let his madneſſe range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo neer's as doth hourely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelues prouide,
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feed vpon your Maieſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculier life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keep it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, vpon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceſſe of Maieſty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the ſomnet of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adioynd, which when it falls,

H 2

7 hote 8 busines 10 hart 16 consent
23 hazerd peault hough spokes tenn